

## THE ARGUS

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121 CHINA

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1926.

From The Argus of March 24, 1926—  
"The Argus has been published as an independent newspaper, unaffiliated with any party, and ready to state its honest convictions in the interest of the common welfare."

The weather seems to be favoring the Democrats, anyway.

At the California beaches the girls are wearing rubber bathing suits. Rubber!

Both Mr. Harding and Mr. Cox are optimistic in their 11th hour predictions. But, as is always the case, one will have some explanations to offer the morning after.

It's all over but the dropping and counting of the ballots. The people have made up their minds. Whether they are picking the man who will best serve the nation remains to be determined by the next four years. But they are doing what they believe to be right at any rate.

J. Hamilton Lewis is making a whirlwind finish to his campaign in Chicago. His meetings have been largely attended and enthusiastic. Mr. Lewis realizes the tremendous odds pitted against him in the joining of the Republican national, state and local organizations in the desperate effort to put Len Small across. But, win or lose, Mr. Lewis will have the satisfaction of knowing that he didn't attempt to land the governorship under false colors.

## Don't Be Ashamed to Ask.

No man or woman who knows how to read the newspapers can have any excuse for not knowing how to intelligently vote tomorrow, but if there are any who are still in doubt that fact should not deter them in performing their duty as citizens. If you have made up your mind how you want to vote and don't know how to mark your ballot go to a neighbor. He or she will be glad to help you. It is a greater disgrace not to vote than to confess that you don't know how to vote. We all have to learn some time.

## Amundsen.

Every once in a while there comes by courier a news item from the Arctic north about Roald Amundsen. At present his ship is jammed tight in the ice, and a prisoner of the frozen sea. Amundsen has settled down to pass the long Arctic night in waiting for the breaking of spring to release him that he may continue his journey toward the pole.

Amundsen is an epic figure of whom a Homer would have liked to sing. Homer's hero, Odysseus, came home and took it easy,

after many adventures in which he overcame dragons and defied the spells cast by enchantresses.

But the intrepid Amundsen scorned the ease and comfort that appeal to other middle-aged men who like to sit and doze at their fireplaces on winter nights. It is only a few years ago that he negotiated the difficult northwest passage and scarcely had he returned from that voyage than he started on the journey that ended in his discovery of the south pole.

And now his restless, questing soul is on its way again for another plunge into the unknown. It may be that he will not discover much that practical-minded men regard as of great value.

What new land he may discover can't be sold; nor put up as collateral on a loan; nor turned into a resort for summer boarders. But it is not the very fact that there is nothing really "practical" in Amundsen's adventure that makes it so gloriously worth while. Braving a thousand dangers and enduring unimagined sufferings merely for the sake of adding a little bit to the sum of human knowledge, Amundsen presents an inspiring example in a time of selfish-seeking.

## Minding Our Own Business.

If Terence MacSwiney were alive today he would have occasion to be proud of his sacrifice for the cause of Ireland. On both continents yesterday there were religious and civil demonstrations to honor the memory of the man who surrendered his life as a protest against the refusal of Great Britain to cease its monarchical rule of Ireland. While there will always be a division of opinion as to whether MacSwiney really aided his country's cause by the means he employed to resist his imprisonment, all good Americans never have failed to sympathize with the Irish people in their fight for Independence. Today there is in Ireland a sort of republic established and its sponsors are asking for its recognition by the American government. The question has become an issue in the presidential election to be determined tomorrow.

Ireland is a part of Great Britain. The little island has been battling for many years to be governed by its own people. It has waged a good fight, and there has been much bloodshed. Britain has ruled with a merciless hand in holding the people in subjection. Each year more latitude has been given the people in their mode of government and living, but the sting of dominance is still felt. It is only natural that the Irish people should want to be free as are other peoples, and doubtless eventually they will be, for England gradually is realizing the necessity for loosening the bonds if she is to have the peace at home that she, like other governments, is seeking after the bitter experiences of a few years ago, if for no other reason than to build a wall of sentiment against a recurrence of the world disaster. But in America our part is to be viewed wholly through American eyes. It makes no difference how we may feel in our hearts towards Ireland and her people. We in America know the blessings of freedom and we wouldn't keep them from any other people on earth capable of governing themselves. We all believe the Irish people are capable of running their own affairs, if they would, but, too, most of us know there is an undercurrent of rivalry and bigotry—mostly religious—still existent there that only needs the torch to fan into a flame. In former years the British government, in furtherance of its own cause, kept this flame alive as an excuse for holding the whip hand above the heads of the people. The Irish republic is asking recognition by Washington. The American government must choose between Great Britain and the so-called Irish republic. It does seem that the really sane course for the United States to follow is to keep hands off; or, at any rate, that we go no further than giving an expression favorable to the liberation of the Irish people by the British monarchy. We don't expect Great Britain to mingle in our affairs. Therefore we should not interfere in hers.



HERE LIES MAN'S ANCIENT ENEMY, DULL CARE, WHO DISINTERS THE UNLOVED CUSS, BEWARE!

## "AS SHE IS SPOKE."

We're an English-speaking nation—Or at least we're said to be—But our old pronunciation is at times a mystery. I would not charge crimes not due us But our speech is terrible: Things sometimes are "su-per-fu"-ous Or they're in-com-par-a-ble!

We deal with a promoter and When we, a little later, Find he is but a "foater," brand Him as a con-spir-a-tor. Then, when the courts treat his offense As of but little moment We cry, with feeling quite intense, That justice is im-po-tent.

We're an English-speaking nation—Yes, as such we're classified; But our queer enunciation Puts a stitch in Noah's side. Though we may correct these errors, Not until the crack of doom Can we hope to "scape the terrors Of the pronouns "who" and "whom"!

"HE has fought dignifiedly, hewing to the line of principle, avoiding return of personalities," says the Illinois State Register, speaking of the president. "Hm; well, now, if someone with whom we disagreed told the world at large that we had a 'pigmy mind,' we conjecture we should regard that as a bit personal."

The Citizens Doubtless Were Ripe for Picking.  
(Bushnell Corr., Galesburg Republican-Register.)

The late growing of vegetables, still shows that my items are read, and the little item I write in regard to Lima Beans, brings another one Thursday afternoon. Will B. Scott picked a market basketful Wednesday afternoon, and quite a number of our citizens, last evening picked a large amount of ripe and green tomatoes, but the cold weather will, to a certain extent, stop the ripening of them.

A WHEEZE frequently is a delicate thing which may be wrecked by the slightest tampering. It may depend, as in the foregoing, upon a single comma. (To the compositor: May we not have your earnest cooperation?)

Will Chickens Live There, Too?  
(From the Reynolds Press.)  
Guy Bowles is having a fine chicken house, built on his farm where he expects to move in the spring.

YOU must have been surprised to learn from the "People's Pulpit" the other day that among the delegates who "met to prepare a joint covenant" was "President Henry Churchill, king of Oberlin." Let us explain that Oberlin is a small principality in the Buckeye empire.

"SPEAKS ON SQUARE ON OWN CANDIDACY"—The Argus.  
An innovation, to say the least.

CHICAGO barbers explain that one cause for their boost in prices is that they pay from \$3.50 to \$9 more per gallon for tonic than previously. All of which extracts a throaty chuckle from M. C. F. The customers, he elucidates, have no more of a kick than the tonic.

FIRST AD FROM THE COMPOSING ROOM.  
"Bruce J. Scott, an employee of the Rock Island Argus, has bought the Milan Independent from its publisher, Lewis Galdenxopf. The retiring publisher intends to continue as a resident in Milan."—Sherrard Bulletin.  
Mac: Bill Schmacht handed me this and said if you wanted to use it, ALRIGHT, and if you didn't—alright. BEEKAY.

"GOV. COX ANSWERS THE POST."—The Argus.

And right there, take it from Jockey Hays, is where Harding will leave him tomorrow. R. E. M.G.

HEALTH TALKS  
BY WILLIAM J. BRADY M.D.

NOTED PHYSICIAN AND AUTHOR

Self-Improvement.  
Nearly every one who has passed the frigidous age, which runs up to 30 or 35 in aggravated cases, is more or less conscious of an incentive to self-improvement. Owing to the top-heavy trend of popular education this cultivated desire for betterment has followed chiefly along lines of mental improvement. The trouble with popular education in this country has been that it ignored the sound principle of mens sana in corpore sano. We still have too many educators who imagine a sound mind can be developed in an unsound body. An "accomplished" or "cultured" person is one whose mind is highly trained or developed in certain particularities which every one of us would be glad to possess. This refining process is a matter of self-discipline. Every individual may have a liberal education if he wants it. Ignorance is just plain laziness in every case. One's learning is limited only by his appetite for knowledge. Just at present there is a sort of special mania prevalent among the multitude seeking wisdom, a craze for short cuts to knowledge or skill or culture, a scramble on the part of the credulous after sundry "systems" of getting wisdom quickly, for the quick systems seem so much less laborious than the old way of acquiring education. Why spend months or years studying Spanish, the piano or the healing art when you can master the whole thing in 12 lessons by mail? Short cuts are invented for the shiftless who would walk with the elect without having earned the privilege. Even in the handicrafts the apprentice today is not content to learn his trade reasonably well; he must compete with his master after a few weeks of superficial experience. There are short cuts, too, for physical improvement; the more ridiculous the system of healing the less knowledge or skill the freak healer requires to practice it and the more eagerly people purchase it.

It is generally recognized that a very sick man cannot exercise good judgment. It is for this reason that a sick doctor seldom attempts to treat himself. People readily make allowances for, or discount or even reject the opinions or actions of their public servants when these representatives are known to be seriously ill. But the impairment of judgment by comparatively slight illness is usually not considered, though it is still true that a sound mind requires a sound body. I have repeatedly urged upon readers the value of regular daily room gymnastics in maintaining better health, health plus. In advising such exercises I have had in mind nothing else than the old adage: A sound mind in a sound body.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.  
Lobster and Ice Cream.  
I alarmed a whole party of diners a few evenings ago by eating a boiled lobster and a dish of ice cream. They prophesied dire results, but nothing happened. Is there really any risk involved in combining these two items at one meal? (J. F. H.)

Answer.—The only risk is that certain plausible "food specialists" may inspire less credulity among your friends. The combination is not attractive to some palates, but for your appetite calls for ice cream and lobster, or any other possible combination of foods, there is no reason why you need hesitate to eat them.

Why Not Bathe?  
I believe you have assured women readers that bathing or swimming at the time of the periods is harmless. If that is correct, will you please explain why so many older women and doctors advise against all bathing or swimming at such times. (E. L. N.)

Answer.—I can't explain why bathing or swimming in swimming is harmless. It is up to those who imagine it is harmful to explain why. I merely assure women that their sex need never prevent bathing or swimming—and thousands of women today know from experience that this is true. A normal woman may bathe or swim whenever she wishes without any anxiety about her health or physical well-being—indeed, she may be assured that health is only improved thereby.

There are indeed several states in which the whole population could climb aboard and ride, leaving not a single foot on the ground. This is manifestly true of California, where there is one car for every 6.07 of population, and of Iowa with one car for every 6.15 of population, and of Nebraska with one car for every 6.34 of population. Mississippi falls far below the average, there being but one car for every 45 of population according to an estimate. In general the western states, where wealth is evenly distributed, lead in the proportion of cars to the population.

Thus, although New York is the largest user of motor cars, New York city comes close to the Mississippi mark with only one car for every 42.34 of population. The most completely motorized cities are Des Moines, Iowa, with one car for every 6.93 of population, and Omaha, Neb., with one for every 7.69. As these figures show, it is the automobile-riding farmer of the west who brings up the average, for the cities fall far below the averages. Nearly two and a half million passenger cars are owned by farmers in the United States. Some rural sections of the country are undoubtedly more completely motorized places in the world.

The jade is Judith's talismanic stone. Its mild green depths hold promise of freedom from danger and insure fearlessness in its wear. It is a curative, according to popular superstition, and hence is believed to ward off disease, and the jinx of bad luck. Tuesday is Judith's lucky day and 4 her mystic number.

Heart of Home Problems  
by MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have been going with a fellow for several months. He seemed to care for me and I am sure I do for him. He is a real nice young man and has always seemed like a pal to me. Although he lives in another town we were together very often. Now he is beginning to pay attention to other girls. I see him talking to them quite often on the street. When I pass him he seldom speaks. Later he will ask me to go with him, but he gives no explanation. I have heard several people say that he has been out with different girls, but of this I am not sure. I think too much of him to hurt his feelings.

Do you think I ought to tell him about it and tell him I do not like the way he acts or shall I say nothing to it to him? Please tell me if I should continue to keep company with this young man, or let him go? Also please tell me if you think he cares for me still. We have been corresponding ever since I knew him, but of late he does not write any more, but he still requests me to write to him. Please advise me the best way you can.

SUNSHINE.  
It is evident that the young man does not care for you as he once did. It seems to me that if you once can only give you pain, and it would, therefore, be better for you to give him up entirely than to be ready to receive such attentions as he gives you when no one else is around or when his mood demands you. For him not to speak when you meet on the street is a downright insult: after such treatment you should fail to see him. Do not write to him again.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have been working for a year and have no money to show for it. I wonder if you could outline a plan whereby I could save a little? I make \$25 a week and buy \$5 for board each week. I buy all my own clothes and although not extravagant, I love to have a variety.

My pleasures do not cost me much as I go out with the girls only two nights a week and with gentlemen friends amuse me on other nights. I get all my meals at home, even my lunch. My car fare amounts to 24 cents a day. You certainly ought to be able to save a tidy little sum every month, living at home and only having to pay \$5 for board and nothing at all for shelter. A budget compiled by a local bank for a girl earning \$100 a month allows \$25 a month for food and shelter, as against your \$24. It also allows \$4 for laundry, which is another expense which I judge you do not have, allowing you an extra \$35, besides the \$19 named on the budget for savings, \$20 for clothing and \$11 for advancement or incidentals.

It certainly seems as though, by budgeting your income in this way, you ought to have a substantial savings account in a year. Dear Mrs. Thompson: Please advise me, as I wish to do nothing incorrect. When a young man escorts a girl home and leaves her at her gate, what would be a proper phrase to use on parting? When a cousin and her friend, who are much older than yourself, take you home from church and other places, what should be said to them? If a boy went to the same school as you did several years ago and then went away to school for several years, and returned again to your school, should you speak to him? My dear girl, you will be a most uninteresting person if you give so much thought to what is correct. Say what is in your heart to say and be original.

When a young man escorts you home, thank him and ask him to come to see you.

When your cousin and her friend escort you home tell them that you appreciate it and ask them to come to see you.

By all means speak to the boy.

Frederic Haskin's Letter  
(Special Correspondence of The Argus).

Motorized America.

New York City, Oct. 30.—The motorization of America is revealed as one of the greatest and most astonishing of industrial and social phenomena by facts and statistics which have been collected and published by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce here.

Even though all persons over 20 years of age have witnessed the whole process by which the United States has been literally put on wheels, one does not realize until he considers these figures what an enormous undertaking it has been, or what great changes it has wrought. Neither does he realize, except by comparative figures, how the United States has outstripped all other nations in this regard.

Although Barnum and Bailey advertised a "horseless vehicle" as one of their chief attractions in 1898, although there were motor vehicle laws in force in New York city in 1899, and a course in "traction engines and carriages" at Columbia university in 1900, although 300 different kinds of automobiles had been built or were being built in this country in 1895, and the United States mail was collected in an automobile in Buffalo in 1899, yet the real growth of the automobile as an industry and a social institution did not begin until about 1910. In that year less than 200,000 motor cars were made in the United States, and nearly everywhere the automobile was still regarded as a freak and curiosity.

A 10-Year Marvel.  
The actual conquest of America by the automobile has therefore taken place in 10 years, during which time this nation has become beyond a doubt the most completely motorized people that ever existed on the face of the earth, if a few small horse-using tribes of savages be excepted. There are now nearly seven million automobiles in the United States and more than a million and a half of them were made last year. There is almost one automobile for every 14 inhabitants of the United States, which means that with a little more crowding half of the population of this could get up and travel at the same instant.

The automobile has not only climbed aboard and ride, leaving not a single foot on the ground. This is manifestly true of California, where there is one car for every 6.07 of population, and of Iowa with one car for every 6.15 of population, and of Nebraska with one car for every 6.34 of population. Mississippi falls far below the average, there being but one car for every 45 of population according to an estimate. In general the western states, where wealth is evenly distributed, lead in the proportion of cars to the population.

Thus, although New York is the largest user of motor cars, New York city comes close to the Mississippi mark with only one car for every 42.34 of population. The most completely motorized cities are Des Moines, Iowa, with one car for every 6.93 of population, and Omaha, Neb., with one for every 7.69. As these figures show, it is the automobile-riding farmer of the west who brings up the average, for the cities fall far below the averages. Nearly two and a half million passenger cars are owned by farmers in the United States. Some rural sections of the country are undoubtedly more completely motorized places in the world.

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## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE LAST TURN OF THE ROAD.  
Miss Georgia F. Harris, 39 Highland Street (rear), Brockton.  
(Copyright, 1926, by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

The fields of nodding daisies brought a swift smile to the lips of the tired traveler, and pausing in the middle of the dusty road, he breathed a sigh of deep content. "The last turn in the road," he murmured, "then—home—to Letty and the boy."

His hand stole involuntarily to his breast pocket as he mused, and he fingered the fat wallet he found there with a caressing hand. Then, with a keen feeling of satisfaction, he started on his way with quickened pace.

How good it seemed to see these fields again, he thought to himself. How many times during the past seven years had he wearily closed his eyes and pictured their soft restfulness. When the battle with temptation had been the fiercest, when the struggle and work had been the hardest, somehow the thought of these country fields had been intermingled with his yearning for his loved ones and he had worked with renewed vigor and ambition. Now he had won out, now he could come back to prove to Letty that he was not the miserable failure who had been the cause of their separation.

The familiar landmarks brought memories, and with a feeling of shame and remorse his thoughts dwelt on his unhappy past. He wondered if Letty would find it in his heart to forgive him—his face saddened.

But the smile returned when he saw a sturdy, little blue-overalled youngster, wading through the fields, his arms filled with daisies, and the man called out, "Hello, boy!"

"Hello," replied the little boy with a friendly grin, dropping his daisies on the grassy roadside and comfortably settling himself beside the man.

"What's your name?" inquired the man, smilingly watching the youngster as he rearranged his flowers.

"Bob," returned the boy briefly, intent upon his task. "What's yours?"

"My name is Bob, too," answered the man promptly.

"Gee, that's a co-co-incidence," the little fellow exclaimed. "Leastways, that's what Emily Henderson said when Miss Gray—that's my teacher—said her name was Emily, and the boy."

An amused expression overspread the man's face.

"Of course," the little boy went on, "that's only my nickname. My business name is Robert V. Merwin. That's what my business papers say."

A lump arose in the man's throat and the green fields swam about for a moment. Then upon his countenance there came a look of inexpressible yearning and tenderness. He started toward him as if to draw the little one to him, but, stopping suddenly, he knelt down on the grass beside the child.

"And what are your business papers, my little man?" he finally asked.

"Oh, my vaccination certificate and my report cards, and so forth," the boy replied coolly.

"Of course," the man said, "but I like your business papers, 'cause I haven't a desk like hers or a real business."

"A real business," the man echoed, "and what sort of business is that?"

"Women's Shop, pretty things for women," the youngster glibly replied, "leastways, that's what it says on the windows and the door. You know, it isn't a shop like Baker's shoe shop over yonder. It's only a store, but that's what it is printed. I think it's funny to call a store a shop—you'd never call a shop a store."

"You live near by?" the man fairly jerked out of the words.

"Yep," answered the boy. Then looking curiously at the man he added, "but I guess you don't."

"Why not?"

"Well, 'cause I guess everybody knows where he lives. You know, Mr. Merwin, you live here, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," the man answered, "but I guess you don't."

"You live here?" the man fairly jerked out of the words.

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